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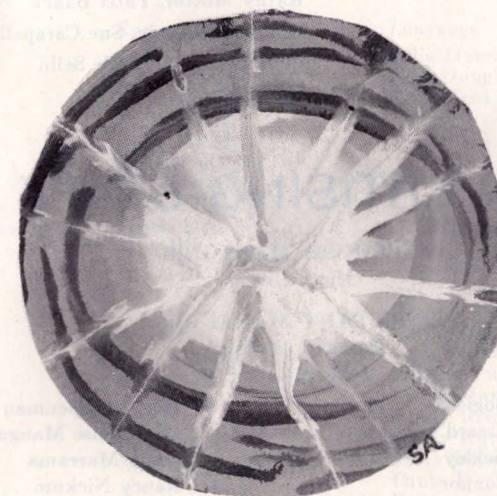
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

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ON POSITIVE THINKING

By Debbie Butler, '66

IT IS A generally well-known fact that during the pre-Christmas season one should experience a glowing warmth of spirit and a true feeling of brotherly love. After all, isn't this what the Christmas season is supposed to be concerned with? We all realize that this is the time to "love thy neighbor" and to be blessed with peace of mind. But how many of us have ever *really* experienced any of these feelings?

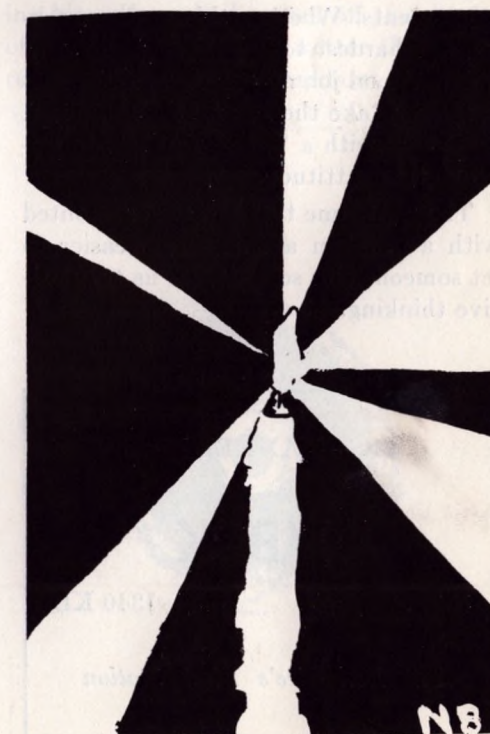
In the time of conflict in which we live, it is all but impossible to know any real peace of mind. In order to get along in our society, we must constantly live up to the standards which have been set for us. Today we must obtain high grades, participate in as many extra activities as possible, and become a "well-rounded" student so that tomorrow we will be able to attend a good college and become a good citizen. Written down on paper, everything seems quite easy, but in real life all this brings us no peace of mind.

Life does present its problems, and it seems to be easier to view them with a negative eye. This manner of facing difficulties takes less strain than a positive viewpoint does. Isn't it less trouble to sit back and give up, than to keep trying? When something does not work out well, or when we feel overwhelmed with hard work and problems, it is much more relaxing to face life with a negative attitude and let things run their own course. After all, negative thinking takes little effort on our part.

For example, the editors and staff of *The Student's Pen* are faced with many difficulties in attempting to revise and broaden our school magazine's outlook.

The effort required on our part would be much less if we were content to put out a mediocre magazine. Instead of setting our aims high, we could simply be satisfied with having the magazine printed four times a year, regardless of what quality of material went into it. We could be content to produce the same material that has been issued year after year.

Not only the staff of *The Pen*, but the whole student body might find it easier to take this negative attitude. It is less work to sit by and watch the "other fellow" make the extra effort. This may mean joining a committee or a certain activity and actively helping out in some way, or it may mean working our hardest in school, for our own benefit. Whatever the choice we have, the nega-



tive "sit back and don't take the trouble" attitude is the easiest.

Yet even though this reasoning seems to be logical, something is lacking. In any phase of life we get out only what we put in. Why not think positively? Why not do something about the way things stand today? A positive attitude can be more difficult to carry through, but rewards gained are also greater. The knowledge that a job has been well done can brighten any outlook. To look on the hopeful side of an issue, and to feel that we are doing more than passively sitting by is necessary in today's world. It is much better to look into an issue with the intention of improving ourselves and others than to criticize simply because we do not have the ambition to correct.

Although it may mean a little more effort, we the students, ought to care enough about our school to think positively and to make some needed improvements. Whether this means working our hardest to improve *The Pen*, or doing a good job on our certain committee, if we take the job we should face it positively with a "what can I do to improve this" attitude.

The next time that we are confronted with a problem and it seems easier to let someone else solve it, let us try positive thinking.

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THE ADOLESCENT AND SOCIETY

By Robert Sandler, '67

TEENAGERS are, by far, the most widely misunderstood and mistreated group in the United States today. At present, it seems to be the accepted thing for adults to comment on the problem of youth. Many profess great knowledge concerning the causes of existing conditions, and yet, few trace the problem not to the adolescents, but to society in general.

American youth are living in a society created and run by adults. There is nothing extraordinary or unjust about this situation, for such has been the lot of youth since the beginning of time. The disagreeable aspect of this set up, however, is the simple fact that conditions of the world of the present will have profound influence on the world of the future. Any mistakes made now will not harm those who make them as much as it will harm those who follow, and a minor problem of today which is left unresolved, may erupt into a grave crisis tomorrow.

The world that is being thrust into the hands of youth is one of war and death, and yet adults do not understand the causes behind adolescent revolt or the reasons for the reluctance of youth to accept this world. Teenagers are expected to conform to the society of their elders and are not prepared to do so. Our young people like to consider themselves a generation, wishing to have their own identity. Adults are against such expressionism and attempt to crush it. An example is the long hair styles which parents have wrongly taken to be the symbol of adolescent revolt. The result is that teenagers are living without a

voice in a society that will mold their future. The extremely unfortunate fact about this situation is that no solution is obvious at present.

Society today is competitive both on the domestic and political fronts. Our nation is one whose economic structure is based on the principles of capitalism. There is constant competition between manufacturers, who are eager to produce the best product for the least cost. Such rivalry is an essentially healthy condition for our economy, and it has contributed considerably to the growth of our country. Internationally the United States is pitted against other nations in scientific research, another basically healthy situation.

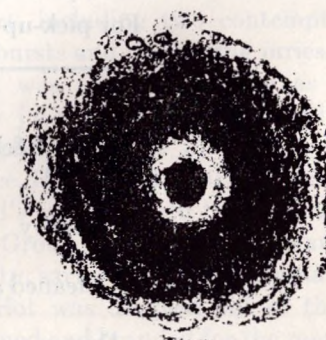
The competitiveness of our society, however, has been forced upon the youth of our land, and this is an extremely unhealthy condition. High school students find themselves engaged in fierce competition among one another to attain the best possible marks and get into the best colleges. The fruitful learning experiences of secondary school have evolved into traumatic experiences in which the amount of actual learning is ignored completely. The love of knowledge has recently become a love of a high scholastic average, and the supposedly joyous years of adolescence have become years of gloom and worry. Adolescents thus feel that they have been cheated by their society and attempt to rebel. Adults, however, fail to understand this need for expression on the part of youth, and even if they do, there is little that can be done. That is exactly what is so frustrating to youth.

Mail delivery has been discontinued in rural Afghanistan. Too many mailmen were being eaten by leopards.

THE VALIANT

By Janice Hospod, '68

IT WAS raining. Long, driving sheets of blinding rain swept down, accompanied by wind that nearly took away the breath of people valiant enough to venture out. In the midst of it all, a little boy, clothed in wet garments that clung tightly to his small body, came skipping and sliding down the sidewalk. He skated along happily, suddenly pausing in his mad scramble to stick a toe into the gutter on the slippery side of the street. After testing it for depth and finding the results satisfactory, he removed his drenched baseball cap and let the pouring rain soak his curly hair, as the hat flowed away on a perilous voyage. When its journey ended, he put the dilapidated cap on his head again. Then he slid down to a corner, skidded, and fell flat into a huge puddle. Slowly picking himself up, he brushed off that part of his clothes that was wetter than the rest, and quickly scampered out of sight.



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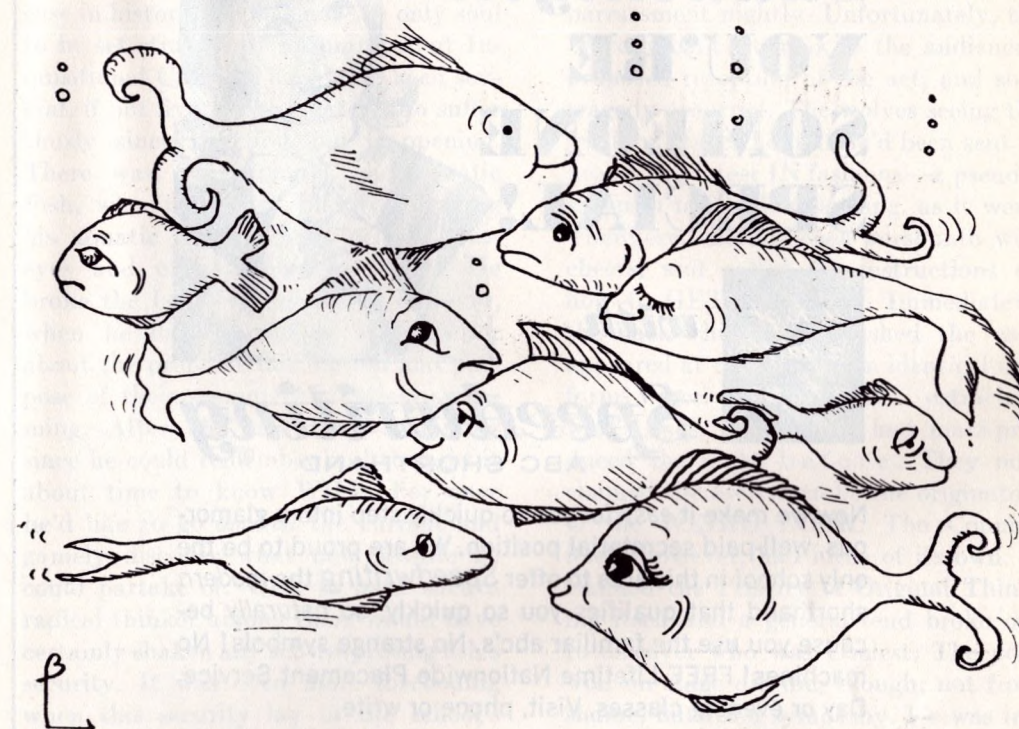
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OUT CROWD EXPONENTS

By Bob Sides, '66



WHEN the pre-historic shepherd returned to his cave after frolicking amongst the hills, he discovered, to his ultimate chastisement, that his newly-acquired leopard-lined madras riding outfit didn't FIT IN with his Neanderthal Group. Alas, it seemed that his otherwise striking ensemble lacked the proper number of spots as designated by the Great Group Scale. He fruitlessly explained that had he not been so rudely interrupted during the leopard-skinning operation by a charging saber-tooth bull-frog, he certainly never would have overlooked such a significant detail. Wise as they were to these menial excuses, the Group let out a disapproving "Hmpff!" in C-flat unison and cleared the cave for a trial. They listened with

deaf ears as Defense Attorney silently pleaded his case. This verdict would affect the very roots of their society. Appropriately, after a 23-second kangaroo court, including two contempt-of-court outbursts and three hung juries, the verdict was asserted—Guilty as charged! The jury looked lethargically to the judge who awoke in time to pass sentence. He pointed his transistorized shepherd's crook toward the setting sun and the Group stoically held its tears as their guilty, sartorially-indiscriminating compatriot was dragged out of the cave—banned and branded for the remainder of his sheep-herding days! Never again would he be so foolhardy; never again would he act so independently; never again would he be himself—for he was

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one of the very few to feel the wrath of the Group and live to tell his sheep about it.

Sadly, however, this was not a unique case in history. He was not the only soul to be set straight by an omnipotent Inquisitional Clique. There have been several, if not five, other creatures to suffer thusly since the first big Happening. There was, for example, the Fanatic Fish, who, instead of blindly following his aquatic Group, developed his own eyes and even a nominal brain. He broke the bonds of tolerance, however, when he dared question his superior about the probable destination and purpose of their seemingly pointless swimming. After all, he'd been swimming since he could remember and thought it about time to know WHY. For once he'd like to go *against* the current and gamely discover what new sea-life he could partake of. Well, to have such a radical thinker among them would have certainly shaken any self-respecting fish's security. It was even more foreboding when this security lay in the school's own clique. Consequently, the fish was fed to the killer-whales and his bones given to charity. His death certificate reads, "Executed for Lack of School Spirit—Rah! Rah!"

Leaving the sea, we approach a lone wolf of the forest lands who disgraced his leader by intentionally being obnoxious. When someone "blew his cool" with the Pack, it was customary to continually harass the pariah with the popular, monotonous wolf-call—"Aaaooo-oooooH!" This wolf, however, chose to remain silent. He was even so bold as to publicly wear an Out Crowd badge. Needless to say, such actions could not be tolerated. The Pack colored him shocking pink, sewed Goldwater campaign buttons to his tail, and cemented a pool cue to his nose. The Pack went

wild when they saw him, had a universal laugh, and then sent him to the National Pack as an entertainment feature. He was to appear on stage and die of embarrassment nightly. Unfortunately, the Word wasn't clear as to the audience's proposed reception of the act, and so a tragedy occurred. The wolves seeing the freak on stage thought he'd been sent to model the latest IN fashions—a pseudo-sheep in non-wolf's clothing, as it were. Therefore, the audience burst into wild cheers, and called for instructions on how to GET WITH IT. Immediately, the Pack which had banished the wolf appeared at the Council in identical uniforms modeled after the ostracized wolf's ones, which they had mass-produced the night before. They now claimed themselves to be the originators of the WEIRD LOOK. The Council, itself, however, had ideas of its own. It claimed the Priority of Original Thinking itself and a general feud broke out to discover who was Coolest. The poor wolf on stage did die, though; not from shame, but from sympathy. He was immediately canonized "St. Ultimate of Universal Clique Goals, Amen III." His spirit rests with the Outcasts, but his statue can be seen today in molded flesh.

Parents are constantly shaking their heads in wonder and amazement when they hear the latest songs. Little do they remember the songs that were popular when they were young:

Celery Stalks at Midnight
Barney Google with the goo-goo-googley eyes
Makin' Whoopee
Abdul, the Bubbul Ameer
Face Upon the Barroom Floor
The Girl that Keeps the Peanut Stand
When Enoch, He Knocked, She Knocked Enoch
Flat Foot Floogly with the Floy Floy

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ON NON-CONFORMITY

By Terrence Hanlon, '67

IN THE beginning man lived alone and only ingenuity or brute strength decided his future. His ideas were conceived, molded and brought into focus by his mind alone. No standards or customs chained him to a belief or a certain way of life. He conformed only to nature and himself. As centuries passed, man learned to live with fellow human beings, and, more and more, the thoughts and ideas of others came to be respected and followed. Thus conformity was brought into the world of man.

Conformity is the spice of man's judgment. Sprinkled lightly over society, it brings out the goodness and true flavor of a man's thoughts. Used in excess, it can hide or destroy the value of a creative idea until all thoughts, good or bad, are enveloped in its pungent taste. In a time of modern, complex civilization, conformity can, of course, never be abolished. Without laws, ideals, religion, and moral codes our world would be in chaos. No one can argue that point. The questions are, should we conform just for conformity's sake, or because we truly believe what we do is right? Should we act according to our own ideals and standards if we believe in them, or should we accept those of others? Should we believe blindly what we are told, or should we look into the matter and judge for ourselves? No one can answer these questions for us. We must decide ourselves.

Today the word non-conformist is commonly used for trouble-maker or beatnik. The last century of American history disproves this strange idea. In 1867, for example, a statesman from New York refused to conform to popular opinion, and now Alaska, one of the

richest mineral and fur areas in the world, is an American state. In 1903 two non-conformists from Dayton, Ohio, rose above laughter, scorn and also a beach at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, to dissolve the opinion that man would never fly. In 1962 a Food and Drug Administration scientist stood alone through the ridicule and jeers of fellow scientists to single-handedly bar the "harmless" drug thalidomide from American markets. These four Americans would not conform. They had the faith and courage to prove they were right regardless of popular disapproval. United States history (and world history) boasts many such stories.

A true non-conformist is free of the fear and self-consciousness that keep brilliant, progressive ideas deep within men's souls. He is a leader, setting his own ideals and standards for others to follow. His open-mindedness allows him to exchange old ideas for new and better ones. A true non-conformist lives, not to impress others, but to impress himself. This is most important. For if one does not have true respect for himself, his ideas and his judgment, his contributions to the world will be trivial indeed.

IN DEFENSE OF CHEATING

By J. Bernardo, '66

OUR school system and probably eight million like it are dedicated to the proposition that all students are good-for-nothings, who aren't gonna learn a thing unless it is shoved down their throats. From about the third grade on, they spoon feed you a code of



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ethics, that is about as palatable as warm beer. It's just like 1984, but only in real life ya don't even have a chance to escape. They create imaginary neon signs in the back of your rapidly shrinking brain which tell you to do your homework, and not to cheat. Not to cheat, Not to cheat, thou shalt not CHEAT!

Everywhere you go, whether you are writing the sign functions on your desk before a trig test, or looking at your Donald Duck watch which computes logs in eight seconds, you are bothered by this sense of guilt. It's just like you have committed a crime against the state, and the Kaiser is gonna get you. And speaking of the Kaiser, he never died. That's just the lie that they tell us, but really he's hiding in the boiler room and issues directives to the office and the department heads every day. You don't think it's the teachers that have you excommunicated for reading a plot summary of *The House of Seven Gables*, it's the Kaiser, baby, the Kaiser. The whole world listens to the Kaiser.

Everyday they make you kneel at the altar which they call honesty and make you say, "I am only cheating myself, *Silas Marner* is a great book, Nathaniel Hawthorne is a great writer." All this despite the fact that nobody, other than retired English teachers, has bought a copy of *Silas Marner* in the last fifty years, and that nobody, other than that mellifluous orator, Everett Dirksen, has tried to both look like the Ancient Mariner and talk as pompously as Hawthorne wrote.

There are signs of encouragement, however, amidst this process of tyrannical indoctrination, symptoms which even the Kaiser, (the old coot with the boiler-room fire and brimstone) can't control. For the old Man never planned on having students whose minds were too lazy to be influenced, students whose, "What,

me worry?" attitude defies regimentation. Nevertheless he's got 'em, and these are the special students, the ones whom I salute. Am I cheating myself by not reading these "classics"? No, I'd feel more cheated if I paid a buck and a quarter for the holiday issue of *Playboy*, and found out that some Cub Scout had already taken out the fold-out.

We cheaters are a stubborn lot. We persist in the face of overwhelming odds, we usually pass our courses, despite the senseless prejudices which teachers hold against us. But I have said enough now and am gonna quit right here. I don't care if this article doesn't have a conclusion, cause it doesn't have a beginning or middle either. Besides it's two in the morning, and I haven't even looked at my Latin trot yet, or copied the answers to my trig homework from the back of the book.

THE BROKXN KXY

By Szal Mandzll, '66

LAST yxar, I rxcxivxd a prxsxnt for my birthday—a typxwritx. I ap-prxciatxd this gift vxry much, but only onx thing was wrong. Onx kxy is brokxn; as you can sxx, thx wholx xffxct is in-complxtx, and thx typxwritx is usxlxss.

But I did lxarn somxthing from thx brokxn kxy on my typxwritx. Thx kxyboard consists of twxnty-six lxttxrs, and xach is xqually important. Our school consists of 2,100 studxnts, and xach onx has a job to pxrform. In my opinion, thx job is to co-opxratx in all our school's activitixs, both scholastic and aftx school. Just as vxvry kxy is important, vxvry studxnt is just as important. Without all studxnts working in thx arxas of Pittsfxld High School, our school could bxcomx in-complxtx and usxlxss also. Arx you a brokxn kxy?

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'ALL IN GOOD TIME'

By Sandy Gull, '66

67 Oak Rd.
Miami, Florida
January 26, 1965

Dear Stonebridge,

I was reading your "Boy dates Girl" column in English class today, and I agree with most of the advice you gave to those "love-struck children." I thought that you would be able to help me with my *real* problem.

I'm a senior at Miami High. There's a boy in my English class who is just about "perfect." I'm not the only one who thinks so, though; about fifty girls have tried to grab him but without any luck. He's captain of our swim team, president of our local Youth Athletic Club and is just about the most handsome guy to walk through the front doors of our high school. His name is Keith Manning. I could go on and on but I still haven't told you my problem.

The annual Youth Athletic Club dance is being held next month. I would simply go wild if he would ask me. Please, Stonebridge, any tactical maneuvers you could supply would be gratefully received.

Sincerely,

June Adams

91 Stembriar Ave.
Miami, Florida
January 26, 1965

Dear Stonebridge,

You don't know how foolish I feel. The guys are always laughing at me for reading your column in English; I can imagine what they'd do to me if they found out I was writing to you and asking for advice! You seem to have a head

on your shoulders (for a woman, anyway) so I hope you can help me with this jam I'm in. Here goes:

I'm pretty active in school, Miami High, and one of my activities is being president of the local Youth Athletic Club. Well, every year they have a dance and the president *has* to go. It's not that I don't like girls. There just aren't any I want to ask. They're always giggling and asking me if they can do my homework. There's one girl, though, who's different from all the rest. She's in my English class and has the nicest smile. Her name is June Adams. My problem is: How do I get her to notice me?

Sincerely,

Keith Manning

67 Oak Rd.
Miami, Florida
February 2, 1965

Dear Stonebridge,

You remember you suggested that I shouldn't be too eager, but just act friendly with Keith, and maybe fix it so that we would be at the same place at the same time, but to let him start the conversation? Well, the most wonderful thing happened! Maybe it won't sound important to you but at least it's a step in the right direction.

It all happened in English. I was standing in front of a window before class started and he came up to me. Keith Manning!

"Hi, June," he said. "Did you do all your homework?"

"Yes, Keith." I tried to sound as dreamy as possible.

"Sure is a sunny day."

"Sunny and clear."

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"Ah . . . June, I was wondering if you have made any plans for . . . ah . . . for college next year."

Then the bell rang and our teacher came in. Can you imagine? He actually spoke to me. But, there's still the dance!

Sincerely,
June Adams

91 Stembriar Ave.
Miami, Florida
February 2, 1965

Dear Stonebridge,

Well, I really blew it this time. Just be natural and easy you said, and forget about June's being a girl. Talk to her as if she were a fellow and ask her to go to the dance just as if I were asking another fellow to go to a football game.

That's what I tried to do. I walked up to her before English class and started a conversation. All the time I was standing there, I kept trying to think she was Sid, or one of the fellows of the team. But it didn't work. Another guy wouldn't have been sitting there with shiny brown hair, big brown eyes, and a yellow sweater made out of some kind of soft stuff.

Things seem hopeless, so I guess we just better give up!

Sincerely,
Keith Manning

P.S. If you have any last minute panic ideas, let's hear them. Since the dance is only two weeks away, I'll listen to anything.

67 Oak Rd.
Miami, Florida
February 10, 1965

Dear Stonebridge,

It happened! I followed your advice and waited another week. You're a positive genius.

I was in my simply beautiful, powder-blue bathing suit at the pool, trying to get a tan. Two big apes were right in the

sun throwing a shadow and when I asked them to move all they did was grin. (They looked familiar but I'm sure I didn't know them). All of a sudden, Keith was standing next to them and telling them to get lost. I felt like a princess in one of those corny fairy tales. The he sat down beside me. I almost turned GREEN! Before I knew what was happening he asked me to the dance. Thanks ever so much for your help.

Sincerely,
June Adams

91 Stembriar Ave.
Miami, Florida
February 10, 1965

Dear Stonebridge,

Congratulations! We finally made it. Your idea worked like a charm. Harry and Joe played their part so well, even I almost believed it.

You know, I'm a pretty lucky guy since June could have said no to me when I asked her. She's a wonderful girl. To think she never even knew I existed until a few weeks ago.

If any girl writes to you and asks how to trap a man, tell her that we'll always be too smart for that. Their best bet is to act natural, like June did, and not connive and plan. Sooner or later things will begin to happen all on their own.

Sincerely,
Keith Manning

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JOHNNY'S DESTRUCTION

By Susan Termohlen, '67

"**L**A de dum dum." Six year old Johnny was humming as he kicked the pebble down the dirty sidewalk. He had five cents in his pocket, and he was going to buy a birthday present for his mother. He knew what he was going to get her too, three roses. The crippled man was selling them at the end of Johnny's street. His mother's birthday was tomorrow and he was on the way to get them now.

When Johnny walked down the street, he felt very rich and very proud, so he held his head high and wouldn't even speak to his poor friends who had never even seen a nickel.

"I'm better than they are, and they all know it," thought Johnny whose mind had been twisted to think that wealth was something to be looked up to and envied. Poverty had taught him this.

Johnny wanted to go into his pocket to feel the nickel again and to look at its shiny color. He reached in and groped with his fingers. Nothing there. It must have been the other pocket he put it in. Yes, it was, he could remember that now. So his small hands went into the other pocket, and he searched for the nickel there. Where was it? It must be way in the corner of his pocket. Johnny pulled the pocket inside out to get his precious nickel. In eager anticipation, he waited to hear the clang as it fell. But there was no sound; only silence . . . silence that pounded in Johnny's ears. At the end of his pocket was a small tear.

Johnny's knees weakened, and as he fell to the ground crying, he screamed so the whole world could hear.

ON GRASPING THE LIGHT

By Adele Boison, '68

WE COULD feel his feet pounding on the time-worn path. Running, running in desperation but, perhaps, not in vain. Thump, thump, thump. Like blocks of wood, they hit the hardened trail. His legs were beginning to numb; his feet starting to give up. "Not now," he screamed, "keep running. Run, damn you, run!"

He *couldn't* stop. The darkness was closing in on all sides; not a ray of light filtered through the serpentine vines. The very air surrounding him was swathed in this horrible, forbidding night. The sweat came down his face in little streams, his lungs were on fire, and his spinning mind kept telling him to run.

How long he had been running he did not know. Maybe weeks, years, even whole centuries had flown past as he dashed almost insanely through the infinite blackness. Tiny bugs stung him like hot needles and his skin erupted into little trouble spots.

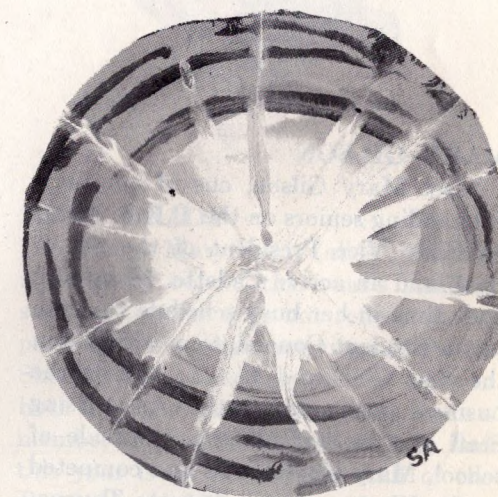
Suddenly a coolness descended on him, hitting him like a sledge hammer in the tropical heat. Someone, something was just behind him. Its chilling breath poured down his neck. Bony fingers clutched at him. His heart pounded wildly and the voice in his head cried out in terror. It was gaining on him, despite his efforts to escape it. Umph! The creature pulled him to the earth. The two struggled violently, not as two separate beings but more like a single, intangible force battling itself.

A great explosion of muscle ended the conflict. The victor slowly pulled himself up, cautiously stood on his weary feet. As if by instinct these same feet

started to move, leaving the cold form of the defeated monster behind them. Run! Run!

The forest swished past, its winding vines receding not one inch. The evil darkness was thick all around him. His feet and heart beat with tedious agony. Is there no rest?

His mind jolted. There it is, there it is! His thoughts were confused, wild. **LIGHT! LIGHT!** The voice was shrieking madly. He stopped running and sobbed long and loudly. A tiny piece of light glimmered before the staggering runner. His fingers, straining, grasped toward the speck. The proximity of that pinpoint of light tingled his imagination, yet he realized it was centuries away.



WHO'S WHO AND WHY

PAUL ROWE

Senior Paul Rowe is an active member of P.H.S. Besides being on three clubs, the Debating, Current Events, and Science Club, he will attend the Youth Conference on the Atom in Chicago with Mr. Blowe. He also writes for the Eagle and is president of the Connecticut Valley Region of Liberal Religious Youth.

Paul, who is a National Merit Semi-finalist, is undecided about the future, although he wants to attend Harvard University.



MARY GILSON

Meet Mary Gilson, one of our most outstanding seniors on the P.H.S. scene. As Girls' Vice President of the Senior class, and an active Cadette, Mary also finds time in her busy schedule to serve on the Student Council, to participate in the Pep Club and G.A.A., and is the business manager of the Advertising Staff of *The Student's Pen*. Outside of school, Mary plays tennis and competed in the Western Massachusetts Tournament during the summer. After graduation, Mary plans to attend Barry College in Florida.

STAN GRAVES

Those of you that are football fans already know Stan Graves. Known by his fellow teammates as "the turtle," Stan has been a member of the varsity squad for three years and was chosen lineman of the week for his outstanding offensive and defensive job in the game against Northampton. Besides being president of the Student Council, he is a homeroom representative and editor of the Boys' Sports page of the *In General*. Even though Stan is very active in school activities, he finds time to get good marks. For the past three years he has been on the Honor Roll, has carried both Math and Science honors, and he recently received a National Merit Letter of Commendation. Outside of school he is a member of his Church's Youth Fellowship and Phi-Hi-Y, of which he is Chaplain.

After graduation, Stan plans to major in Math at Dartmouth College.



JIMMY ALBANO

As has been the tradition at Pittsfield High for many years, the senior boy with the most spirit is chosen Pep Club President at an election held in September. This year's choice was Jim Albano, and indeed it was a good one. During the football season he has done a great job of organizing the rallies. The St. Joe—Pittsfield rally was praised by Coach Gleason as being "The best in many years."

Besides the Pep Club, Jim devotes his time to the Class Council, and many of the varied committees at the school. When he finds the time, Jim plays sports at the Boys' Club and the C.Y.C., is a member of the Phi-Hi-Y, and the Mount Carmel Junior Sodality.

Jim's future plans include a degree in accounting with which he will be assured of a fine future wherever he wishes to settle.

GAIL DANCKERT

If you have ever seen a pert, blue-eyed blonde in a Cadette uniform running down the hall with a *Student's Pen*, of which she is Editor-in-Chief, tucked under her arm, you can be sure it is Gail Danckert. Gail is an active member of G.A.A. and the Pep Club and in her junior year was co-chairman of class rings. Gail spends most of her free time working as a volunteer at the Girls Club. An honor roll student, she plans to take a liberal arts course in college.



MARY BRADY

Although Mary Brady (alias "M&M") is certainly one of this year's smallest seniors, her size does not reflect on her participation in class activities at P.H.S. She has been Secretary of her class in both her junior and senior years, been a member of G.A.A. and Pep Club, and this year is on the faculty staff of the *Dome*. Most of Mary's time is taken up with Cheerleading, but she somehow manages to keep up her marks and is an honor student in the commercial course.

THE BONFIRE

By Linda Marrama, '68

Orange plumes on burning brown,

Red and yellow mingled in

Five-pointed dancers spinning 'round

Gently swaying in the wind

Sailing,

Swirling,

Gliding,

Whirling,

Faster, faster.

Growing brighter,

Nature's beauty at its height.

Then

Slowly graying,

Colors fading,

Dancers falling,

Death is calling,

Slower,

Slower,

Growing colder,

Downward,

Downward,

Toward the ground

Went

Dancers, orange, yellow,

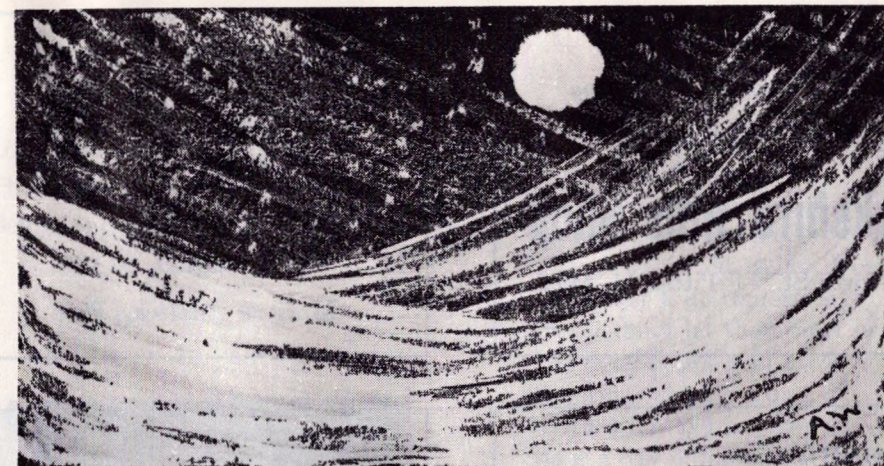
Red.

And

Now the dance has ended.

DECEMBER 1965

27



SEASONAL ADVENT

By Anne Marie DeFelippo, '67

While walking one night, I chanced to
see

Winter arrive, dressed gloriously
In flowing robes of white.

Blasts of wind sounded loudly and long
Creating a dismal, dreary song
Announcing her arrival.

High from the heavens, the silvery moon
brightly glowed,
Casting blue shadows upon the soft
glistening snow.

The carpeted wonderland acknowledged
Her annual coming.

THE DEATH OF A FLAME

By Paul Tagliaferro, '66

My flame has dwindled to a spark;
My spark has lost its glow,
A light so dim and yet so bright,
If the wind were not to blow.

In the darkness of a cave
My little light would burn
And sparkle on the rocks,
If only the wind would learn!

But now the glow has disappeared,
As the sound of once-played chimes.
My little light has been blown out
By the winds of the passing times.

PITY THE POOR PINE TREE

By Jean Komunieckie, '68

The pine tree
Obviously

Prefers to have no part
Of man.

Growing closer, ever thicker
With surrounding shrub and pricker,
So that man can't pick his way

To bother
Father Fir.

Yet once a year man braves these
hazards

To find a tree of green.

He chops it down

And drags it home

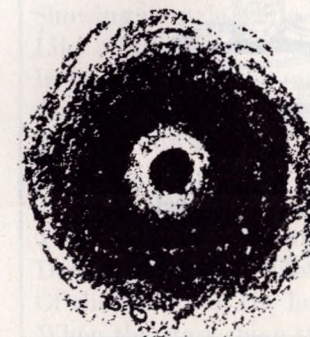
To a foggy, smoggy town.

Pity the poor pine tree,

Trapped under glass and tinsel.

Sadly groaning, softly moaning

For the days when it was free.



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HAIKU

By Linda Marama, '68

Life is but a door,
Through which all people must pass,
Before entering

TIDE

By Carol Travers, '66

Low leaves, low tide, low love,
Forever be divine,
On hills of purple shadows,
Living on in sunshine.
Things we've felt today, Dear,
Things we'll do tomorrow—
Please don't let them hurt us,
Leave us shame and sorrow.
Emotions change a day,
So that day is tomorrow.
Be it a day of happiness that's ours,
Not something we must borrow.
True feelings are a blessing,
A fortune of fine lace.
To have (and know you have)
To keep ahead of love's fast pace.
Hang, low leaves,
Droop in heaven's atmosphere.
Swish with foam, Tide,
And call two lovers near.

LIGHTS OF THE SKY

By Susan Coles, '68

The evening sun was sinking
Behind the hills so high.
Just one lone star was shining
In the dark'ning sky.
It was not long awaiting
Companions of its kind.
For more were coming quickly
Not very far behind.
And soon the moon ascended,
Showing its pale white light
Like a lustrous pearl shining
In the middle of the night.
The stars like tiny diamonds
Twinkled off and on.
While the planets burned steadily
Through the whole night long.
The lights of all the cities
Don't equal the smallest part
Of the beauty of the heavens
When the stars shine through the night.



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P.H.S. LOCKER ROOM

Nov. 11, 1965

P.H.S. 19 St. Joe 6

Everyone was screaming, yelling, singing and laughing because the mighty Generals had just put down St. Joe.

Coach Gleason was the first victim of the team to get a shower. No one thought anything of the shirt and tie he was wearing. Next came Coach Meurillo, then Coach Harris and then Coach Gasson. Then the jubilant players rushed to the Trainer's Room and gave Coach Benedetti a freezing cold shower. The managers Milt Overlock, Jeff Ciuffreda, and student trainer Ronnie Goldstein were also drenched thoroughly. While all this was going on, Tom Grieve, Charlie Tiblom, and Stan Graves were also pushed under the shower. Then,

everyone in the locker room was given the cold shower, until every purple jersey was soaked.

After this, Coach Muerillo gathered everyone in the front of the locker room so that Coach Gleason could say a few words to his team. In his hand he held the game ball which is given to the winning coach every year after this game. The Coach said that he and his assistants had decided to give the ball to the one who they thought played the outstanding game. Then, without hesitation, he tossed the ball to Charlie Tiblom, who was promptly surrounded and congratulated by his teammates. After things had settled down a little, Charlie, in utter disbelief, said, "It's the biggest thrill of my life."

This was the end of an all-year dream



by coaches, players and students. It had all started the morning before when Bernie Rosenblum went out on the balcony and led the student body in a cheer. The rally during the "B" Period followed, and was described by everyone as the best rally ever held for a P.H.S. football team. On game day, approximately one hour before the game started, there were no seats left on the Pittsfield side. The team had the support of every student in the high school and rewarded them profitably with a great victory.

P.H.S. JAYVEES

By Ronald Goldstein, '67

Following in the path of the Varsity, the Jayvee Football Team at P.H.S. had another successful season. Their schedule of games was not quite as full as the Varsity, but their ability to win was not hindered. This proves that Pittsfield High is a great football school.

The Junior Varsity team's record shows that this team had exceptionally

good performers on the field. Their offense and defense set a new high in perfection of any previous Jayvee team. The team total in points was 127 against 32 for their opponents. During the year they also attained three shutouts. One came against Drury; another against North, and the last one against Crosby.

Able coached by Louis Gasson, a teacher at P.H.S. the team made great strides in learning the game. The team's practice sessions were long and tedious. The boys worked hard at developing their skills and during the year some were considered for the Varsity team. Although the boys on the Junior Varsity Team are not as well known as other athletes at P.H.S. they feel that they have contributed in carrying the spirit of their school to new heights.

We feel as though we owe a great deal to these players and we salute them and hope they will continue in their winning ways.

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GIRLS' SPORTS

JAY-VEE CHEERLEADERS

November 4 was the big day for thirty-seven Junior girls seeking positions on the Jayvee Cheerleading squad for 1965-1966. Throughout late October and early November, these girls, under the instruction of the varsity squad, worked for an hour each day after school for nearly three weeks, trying to learn the four try-out cheers. During the last few days of practice, the trial-runs, finishing touches were put on their cheering form; the snap in every movement, poise, and the all important SMILE.

On the final try-out day, the girls assembled in the auditorium and each one went onto the stage hoping to do her best. They were rated according to their

voice, pep, appearance, and cheering ability. What they had practiced for almost three weeks was over in a few minutes.

The results were announced the next day and the nine lucky and happy girls are Pat Flynn, Sue Giordano, Nancy Lancia, Bev Lavelle, Lynn Murphy, Karen Padget, Kathy Polidoro, Anne Premierlani, and Barb Walcott. The Jay-Vees will cheer only at home basketball games, with the exception of one away game at Wahconah Regional High School. They will have nine games in all. Lynn Murphy will be the captain of the first game against Northampton, December 10.



FIELD HOCKEY

The field hockey season has ended and after a difficult and exuberant battle, the junior girls emerged victorious over the seniors and sophomores. Before a game one day, each team held a small election choosing the outstanding player for her team.

The sophomore player was Kee Sweeny. Kee is usually a halfback, a position which requires just a little more alertness and action than the others. Kee, who attended junior high in Maryland schools was active in many school sports and has played field hockey since seventh grade. She is also an asset to any game of volleyball, softball and practically any sport that is full of action.

Out of the seven players on the junior varsity field hockey team, Chris Cullen has been chosen their most valuable player. Chris is in the C.P. curriculum with Honors math. She attends the Girls Club, where she devotes her time to life saving.

Sue Symanski, an active senior, was unanimously chosen by her teammates as their most valuable player. She played not only halfback, but also forward and fullback. Many times during the course of a game, Sue, successfully stole the ball from the opponents. Volleyball, basketball, badminton and softball have interested Sue. Last year she won a set of numerals when her junior varsity basketball team went undefeated.

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FEATURES



AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENTS AT P.H.S.

I never thought I'd write a letter to *The Student's Pen* but somebody has to let you squares know how we of the "Cool" at P.H.S. feel about life.

In Homeroom, I sit in the back of class and stare at all those characters in their Ivy-League clothes. Imagine, all wearing loafers instead of stacked heels, dark socks instead of white ones, and dress slacks instead of dungarees and no belt. They're on the outside looking in. And you know, I always seem to be the only cool guy in my classes. It never bothers me, though. I just walk right in, sit down in the back of the room and flip my four-inch bangs to the side. FLIP. FLIP. FLIP. I can take it.

The best thing is that I've got friends. There's Johnny in his ten-inch Beatle boots, Clyde and his wicked patent leather vest, Ricky and his matching hat, scarf, and socks, and best of all, Melvin in his velour levis. You know, I'm beginning to believe that life is nothing without friends; all four of them. My friends and I are going places. Later on we'll get jobs. Yes sir, all the Ivy-League clothes in the world wouldn't get any of you out-of-it characters the jobs we're going to get. And what benefits!

Ziggy Waltmiller, Esq.

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THE ROAR OF THE TOMATO SOUP THE SMELL OF THE LUNCH LINE

Lunch time at Pittsfield High resembles Macy's Bargain Basement on the day of their annual "75% off sale." There are many ways to accomplish entrance into our over-crowded cafeteria. The most popular and successful way is (a) close eyes tightly, and (b) run, moving your elbows in a rowing motion. Another less popular and somewhat discouraging way, for those who wish to show their manners, is shuffling your feet in 4/4 time. To pass the time from hall to counter, one might chant hymns, recite Latin rules, or count velours.

Upon entrance, your next problem is to find a place to sit. Various methods are used in this matter, also: yelling "fire," or concentrating on one person and looking like a hungry refugee are among the most common. Chances are you're traveling in a group (it's not safe alone) and must find a certain number of seats. After wandering from left to right, side to side, you finally come upon what looks like enough seats. The problem is that you are in the middle of the boys' section. Back to the safari through the jungle of hungry humans.

Getting into the milk line is an art in itself. The trick is to sneak under the railing, run to the front of the line, and look as if you've been there all the time. This being accomplished, you lunge your hand down into the freezer and give the girl 36 pennies. Walking through crowds, and tripping over books and basketball players, you balance 12 milks and 24 straws.

Coming back to the table, you distribute the milk, swing the stool out too far and hit your shins on that interesting metal bar that guards against people who swing the stool out too far. Now a janitor is opening a window.

"Get a little fresh air in here, O.K.

girls? Nothing like good fresh air at 20° to speed up the old metabolism."

The bell rings not too soon after and you're on your way to the next period class. As you leave the cafeteria, Smile, Maybe tomorrow will be a better day.

CASEY'S COLUMN

Dear Fans,

Sorry I missed filling you in on all the juicy news last issue. I was so busy trying to get the senior girls dates that I missed my deadline. Even Casey isn't perfect. And speaking of those who aren't perfect. . . .

Jim Albano's loyalty to P.H.S. lasts only till weekends . . . St. Joe girls want to know how many more notches Bernie Rosenblum has room for . . . Carole Collins says she'd like to study Greek—language? . . . And then there was the night Shaun Tucker left his wallet in Mary Gilson's car and had to get it on a motor scooter . . . I see Moe Mooney and Stan Graves follow the same pattern lately . . . Since Carol Gigliotti has been working, she finds she has more and more Bills . . . George wishes she could duck the passes and find her slip . . . Watch it Cliffie, two timing's one thing but let's not get carried away . . . Tom Grieve has had to make a lot of decisions about K. C. lately . . . I can't imagine why Steve Young got picked up so quickly on his way to the game. I guess not everyone stands on South Street wearing a raccoon coat, purple and white shoes and matching hat, and carrying a football headed for NORTHAMPTON!

Well, that just about wraps it up. Have a very Merry Christmas *but* be good. Chin up, senior girls! The long Christmas vacation is bound to bring the college boys home, right, Helen?

Sean O'Casey

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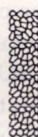
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ALUMNI NOTES

MAYOR REMO DEL GALLO

Mayor Remo Del Gallo graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1943, after taking a College Prep. course. After high school he attended Berkshire Business College. He then served in the Air Force for 2½ years as a gunner. He was elected to the City Council from Ward 3 in 1960, and re-elected twice. Early in 1964, he was elected Council President.

Mayor Del Gallo wrote this statement for *The Student's Pen*:

Since the economy of the city and the health and welfare of its inhabitants depend in large part upon what kind of local government we have, it is obvious that the people will demand that their public servants have the discipline of a high school education. They are not going to entrust a fifteen million dollar business, which is what our city is, to men and women without the skill and training to do the job. I doubt if I would have been able to ask for their expression of confidence if I had not had a high school diploma. Not only is a knowledge of government and economics necessary, but also an understanding of science and natural history is important to help us cope with such problems as air and water pollution and conservation. Strange as it may appear, even the physical education program in high school helps one develop the stamina, not simply to undertake a rigorous political campaign, but to endure the endless round of activities which a mayor, as representative of his community, must attend.

Since government and politics are becoming more complex, there will be even more expected from those young people

now in high school who want to devote themselves to public service. All of you must begin now to think of your obligation to be part of an intelligent and informed electorate. Those of you who will want to seek public office should begin further to think of higher education in order to be more fully prepared for the challenges of the future.

Remo Del Gallo,
Mayor.

MR. DONALD G. BULTER

Mr. Butler has served six years as a Councilman from Ward 5 and is starting his ninth year as Councilman-at-Large. He graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1934, after taking a College Prep. course. He wrote this message for the students of Pittsfield High School:

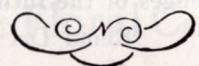
Actually high school and its teachers made not only my political career possible but also many other fine things that have happened to me since graduation.

You see, all through school I was afflicted with a stuttering habit, which in turn gave me a terrible inferiority complex. Little or nothing was done in grammar school to correct my problem, but when I reached high school, the teachers went out of their way trying to make me understand that if I would talk slower or stop and think about what I was going to say, that part of my problem would be overcome. In classrooms they would see to it that I was called on more often than others to speak in front of the room. Almost without my realizing it, my stuttering diminished and along with it my complex. Suddenly I

The Spinning Wheel

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enjoyed meeting and talking to people, and to this day I derive as much pleasure making new acquaintances as I did over thirty years ago.

I am sure that you are aware of the fact that success in politics is pretty much a case of how many people you know and whether or not you impressed them enough to have them recognize your name on a ballot. Had I dropped out of school, and believe me I thought about it many times, I probably would be pushing a broom instead of having the fine position I have.

The only message that I have for the student body is to get interested in your city and to get active in any organization that will make it a better place in which to work and live. When the time comes, get interested in running for public office. You know politics is not really a dirty word; actually it is not many years ago that the most respected men in our country were connected with politics in one way or another. In recent years however, the public in general, neglected its civic duty and allowed many undesirable individuals to get into elected office.

What politics needs more than anything else today are young men and women with fresh young ideas, willing to offer themselves at the polls. When this takes place, we can expect to see a new lease on life.

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LANGUAGES

By Cookie Levinson, '66

On peut voir l'influence de l'Amerique dans les annonces de *Paris-Match*. Souvent on trouve des produits avec des noms americains, par exemple, "l'after shave," "un rasoir cordless," "le caramel-fudge," ou un "spray miracle aerosol." Les aerosols, ou les bombes (comme on les appelle) sont nouveaux, mais, comme en Amerique, on pourra bientot acheter presque tout en bombe. Les Francais aiment employer les mots anglais—une annonce pour les cigarettes dit, "Of course I changed to—," et l'annonce continue en francais. Une annonce pour des bagages demontre les qualites du produit en disant, "Technique Americain, Chic Parisien, Prix European." Les annonces de *Paris-Match* sont souvent pour les produits americains, et plusieurs autres annonces montrent l'influence de la vie americaine. Mais, je pense que les annonces n'ont pas la finesse des annonces dans les revues americaines.

By Julia Dunning, '66

Ihr Name ist Christiane. Sie wohnt in Berlin. Sie ist siebzehn Jahre alt und hat noch ein Jahr in der Schule. Jeden Tag nach der Schule geht sie mit ihren Freundinnen und Freuden in ein Cafe. Da trinken sie meistens ein "Coca-Cola." Das Cafe ist in der Stadt und dahin gehen viele "Teen-agers." In dem cafe wird "rock and roll" getanz. Alle Teen-agers haben auch die "Beatles" sehr gern.

Christiane hat lange blonde Haare und tragt gern kurze Rocke. Ihr Freund Max hat auch lange Haare. Er sieht wie ein "Beatle" aus. Beibe tragen besonders gern enge "Bluejeans."

Ja, die deutschen Teen-agers wollen wie die Amerikaner aussehen. Vieles was die Amerikaner haben, wollen sie auch haben. Die Beatles . . . Hermits . . . Beachboys . . .

DO YOU FIND MATH DIFFICULT?

By Tom Kraay, '66

Does math sometimes puzzle you? Well, don't feel bad because the Romans had a much harder time even in arithmetic. For example, consider the "simple" problem and its solution.

1. Vir CXLIV boves Vendidit. Pretium utrius bovis XXI drachmis est. Quantam pecuniam recepit vir?

CXLIV
x XXI

CXLIV
MCDXL
MCDXL

MMMXXIV

Responsum est MMMXXIV drachmae.

Translation:

1. A man sells 144 cattle. Each cow is worth 21 drachmas. How much money does the man receive?

144
x 21

144
288

3024

The answer is 3024 drachmas.

SCHOOL NOTES

HOW CAN WE STRENGTHEN OUR STUDENT GOVERNMENT?

By Maureen Mooney, '66

High-school officials have been concerned with the development of a general plan of organization within which students may participate responsibly in significant school issues, and students have been concerned with achieving a maximum self-governing state in the conduct of student affairs and achieving some measure of real influence for students and student ideas in institutional operation. A partial solution has been found in the organization of a school governing body which represents the several elements within the school—students, administrative staff, and faculty—which are most directly concerned with student life. At Pittsfield High School the governing body is composed of the Student and Class Councils, Class Officers and Homeroom Representatives.

Because the power of the student government is not always understood or accepted, students have tended to ask, "Why not let the students run their own affairs?" However, student life is not the sole and exclusive concern of students, nor can it be, as high schools are presently organized. To pretend that an all-student governing group can have exclusive jurisdiction over the extracurricular life of the school when the administrative staff is actually charged with this responsibility does an injustice to the good sense of student leaders and to the reality of the situation.

Why then, is there so much dissatisfaction in our students? What is lacking in our student government? Concerning these questions the following views have been polled from both the student and faculty bodies.

Pete Spina—Students should have

more say in school functions and *all* students should contribute in whatever way they can.

Cathy Hill—Too many of our ideas are turned down. If we want to have something new—why not?

Debbie Butler—By the time everything gets started, it's time to have them finished. Officers should be elected and committees should be organized at an earlier date.

Mary Gilson—Our Student Council should get together with Councils from different schools more often. By working together, new and worthwhile ideas would be formed.

Barb Conti—Not only forming new ideas to strengthen our government but more important is the success in carrying them out.

Sheila Walsh—Our government should be modeled more after the United States' Government in that the Council should be able to pass a reasonable proposal over the veto of the principal with a two-thirds vote in the council.

Stan Graves—We need a Student Council with initiative and real interest and a student body which actively supports their school.

Billy Winslow—Here at P.H.S., our Student Government is a very loose union of students in each of the student bodies: Senior, Junior, and Sophomore. I can't help noticing that the atmosphere at any Homeroom Representative or Student Council meeting is one of little interest in the goings on, but rather relief for the fact that some class has been legally cut. Until people take pride in P.H.S. and strive to achieve something which may well benefit their stay here, our student union may as well dissolve now to avoid the hollow feeling of uselessness.

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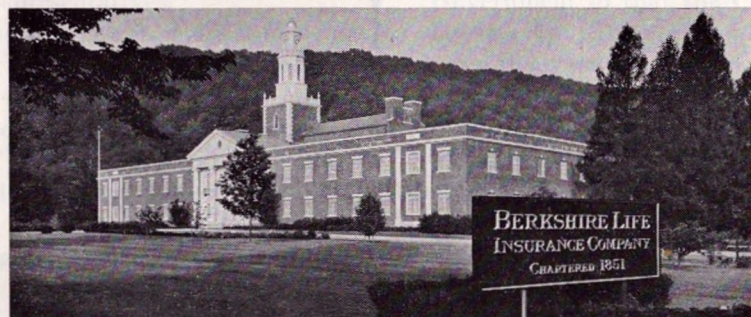


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THE Arts Column

Art is the work of the whole spirit of man.
Ruskin

VINCENT VAN GOGH

By Bonnie Lingoski, '66

In order for an artist to create a great work of art, he must go against any naturalistic view of life. Van Gogh's intensifying exposition of nature is revealed in his arousing work, "The Starry Night." The exaggerations of the starry sky, which seems to erupt from the earth, were deliberately produced to suggest the power a heavenly body of stars reflects. Through the sensitive eye of this perceptive artist we became more deeply aware of aspects of life that we ordinarily take for granted.



THE STARRY NIGHT

SHIP OF FOOLS

By J. P. Bernardo, '66

Coming at a time when commercialism is rife and the motion picture industry seems to be preoccupied with low-grade comedy, the movie *Ship of Fools* is an encouraging change for the better. It not only does justice to Katherine Ann Porter's novel by the same title, but indeed, goes beyond the author's significant achievement in that it compresses the action into two and one half hours of sheer emotional impact. There are many characters, and an even greater number of seemingly unrelated scenes, yet producer-director Stanley Kramer has somehow managed to carry the whole thing off with a flourish and great degree of subtlety.

The setting, confined to an ocean liner sailing from Mexico to Germany, would appear to be rather restricted in comparison with most movies, but this serves only to intensify the desired effect. For on this Noah's Ark of humanity, we get a starkly painful view of what we all are like. There are the social climbers, and the socially deprived; the victims of prejudice and the people who never let it die; and most important of all, those who do not care and seek only to exploit, and those who do care and, in turn, are exploited.

Ship of Fools is an amazing blend of comic and tragic elements. Michael Dunn, the dwarf who serves as both a character and a stage manager, is very funny on the surface, but on a deeper level his lines are bulging with irony. Like many of the other characters, his voyage will not end when the ship reaches port. There will be other vessels with different destinations, and he will meet new people. Perhaps even you or I have unknowingly booked passage.

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ART AT THE BERKSHIRE MUSEUM

By Elaine Hamel, '66

Unfortunately, the majority of high school students have no conception of what they may find in the Berkshire Museum, especially in the art collection. The objects of art range in time from the Egyptian period to the present. The Museum's collection of old masters, mainly acquired through the donation of Zenas Crane, includes the original works of such artists as Rubens, Van Dyck, Murillo, Raeburn, and Joshua Reynolds. Also the museum has many Hudson River paintings from the 19th century which portray the beauty of this area's natural landscape. In addition to many European masters, there are works of early American artists such as the two portraits of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart and Rembrandt Peale. Side by side with these traditional western paintings, one can find Chinese and Japanese prints of such artists as Hiroshige and Hokusai. However, for those who enjoy more contemporary works, the Museum has a fine collection of works illustrating the many modern approaches and techniques in art. Among these works is the A. E. Galatin collection of early abstract paintings and many contemporary prints.

Because the museum has such a large collection of permanent paintings, exhibitions are changed monthly. Besides this changing exhibition, the Museum sponsors loan exhibits. Right now, Mr. Bennett of the high school Art Department has many of his works displayed.

If one should like to see a work not on display he should notify someone of the museum staff ahead of time and he will gladly get it out. The Museum is always striving to obtain works of quality which could be of interest to everyone.

UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE

By Debbie Butler, '66

The pupil-teacher relationship is a phase of school life which we, as students, are undoubtedly concerned with. *Up the Down Staircase* by Bel Kaufman is a novel currently on the best seller list which deals with the pupils and teachers of a New York City public school.

Miss Kaufman has based her book on real life teaching experiences in New York, and has composed it of her own letters, her pupils' compositions, and school bulletins. For those who wish light and humorous reading, *Up the Down Staircase* is enjoyable. Miss Kaufman makes fun of the ridiculous school rules that make a teacher seem more like a clerical worker. She includes some humorous letters found in her "Suggestion Box" from her high school students, and many school bulletins such as "Please send all absent pupils to the office at once."

Underneath this humorous covering, however, the author shows us the real problems which the New York City slum area teachers and pupils face. By reading between the lines we are able to discover the hopelessness and despair of the students and many of the teachers. School is not worth much to a seventeen-year-old who is not able to read or write past the third grade level, or to a teacher whose every attempt to reach her students is thwarted by school rules.

Although Miss Kaufman does not offer a solution, she brings the problem into the open.

Up the Down Staircase is worthwhile reading for both those who desire light reading and those who want something more involved.

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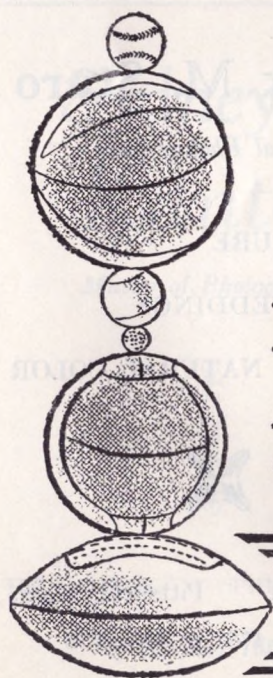
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